

THE RECORDER.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847.

The Turning Point.

Could we watch the progress of an immortal mind as it passes through the great change of conversion, it would be a spectacle of surpassing interest. There is no event which excites so little interest within this world, which excites so much beyond it. Here is a prize for which heaven and hell are contending; and when it is won by the power of grace, there is joy among the angels in the presence of God.

It were truly a sight to fatten our gaze,—to witness the fluctuations of such a mind in its risings and fallings; yet ever, on the whole, increasing in depth of feeling, as the tide steadily gushes, notwithstanding the swelling surges in part roll back again. How would the flush of expectation come and go upon the beholder's face, while observing the action and reaction in the convicted soul!—It thoughts awakening its feelings; and its feelings crowding up its thoughts into still closer contact with eternal things. At each successive turn, as emotion complicated into reflection, reflection becomes clearer; and as reflection rushes into emotion, emotion becomes stronger. At last the mind reaches the turning point. Then comes a moment of trembling, when the case vibrates doubtfully between hope and fear; till, at last, the soul goes over to the side of truth, sinks into the fulness of the Savior's love, and loses its guilty fears and conscious pangs in the sweet sense of pardon and of peace.

The reader of these lines may have repeatedly begun to draw near to this turning point, even nearer than he is aware. And as often as he may have quenched the Spirit, and excited his half-melting heart to relapse into greater hardness than ever. He may have stiffened himself to the cross and the crown. But, also, he has suppressed his emotions, or driven them off by the distractions of business or pleasure. It may be, that the Spirit is not so grieved by his sin as to return to him no more.

But if the eyes of one person whose mind is now turned again to the business of his salvation, shall fall upon these lines, let him heed our warning and entreaty. How can he know, but that the Spirit, which awakes in him those ardent thoughts, is stirring with him, for the last time? The only safe course for him, is to act on the supposition that it may be "now or never" with his soul,—that this may be his last opportunity to fly from the wrath to come. So let him press up to the turning point, and beyond it; till he can feel in the joy of his heart, that he has truly "turned to the Lord."

How to Make Things Easy.

There are a multitude of prescriptions, new and old, and plenty of people to take and prescribe any body or mind, to get things to be easy. But we fall in with one the other day, widely differing from all the rest, and finding it to be this point. But it pleased us much. That most worthy and excellent divine, John Newton,叙事者, wrote thus:—"When I can find my heart in friends and liberty to pray, everything else is comparatively easy." Some people, who may have glanced at the heading of this article, may not think us much for getting out of difficulty such an old-fashioned way of living comfortably. They had heard of this a thousand times, likely, and they wanted to hear of something new.

Had heard of it! But had they tried it? Newton had, and found it a capital remedy for trouble. And people farther back than he had tried it, instead of scoffing at it. And came out with precisely his conclusion. "Any afflicted, let him pray" is a prescription given to the world without a few, next upon twenty centuries ago. And more people than we have time to tell of have used it, and it has done its work without a single failure.

Devout prayer makes the heart and conscience easy. The ears are the principal wheels. Get those right and keep them so, and the whole machinery will run smoothly and pleasantly. The wheels grow dreadfully rusty without prayer, and it is very hard to start them; and when they go at all, they are in danger of breaking, or are sure to go crashing and painfully on their way.

Such prayer puts us of ease with God. It is obedience to his will. It is the way of access to him. We then get under the shadow of his wing. We come over to his side, and get harmony of soul with him. And then there is such peace and joy in the heart, that it takes a very stiff breeze of worldly adversity to trouble us much; and when there is such a breeze, we have only to enter still farther into the secret place of the Most High, to the assurance of finding that consolation which the severest hurricanes of life can never sweep away.

And it should once more be said, that prayer makes one easy in circumstances most liable of all others to produce uneasiness. There is nothing that so effectively stirs the depths of the soul, and roars its painful passions, and makes the blood boil as the unprovided ill-treatment of others. It is hard for a man to be easy when scolded at, ridiculed, or actually injured by those about him. But we have an arrow for this mark. "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Prayer is the oil cast upon the troubled waters. They cannot rage and foam with this kind of pressure upon them. Prayer will bring one so high that the infinitely benevolent God, that will make one ashamed to be seen having any such vile display about him as say of the malignant passions. Neutrino to do kind a being as God, will cause such passions to appear so hateful, that the soul will turn them out of doors in the greatest haste possible.

HOME MISSIONS.

SLAVERY AND THE GOSPEL.

The May number of the Home Missionary remarks, that much public attention has recently been given to the enlargement of our national domain, and in connection with this, to the probable extension of slavery over large sections of our territory. To those whose concern for the spiritual interests of men lead them to contemplate these movements chiefly in their moral relations, it is important to know how slavery affects the progress of evangelical religion in the communities where it exists.

A few extracts from the correspondence of the missionaries relating to this subject are given in the following articles:

Slavery here is strong. It affects every nerve and fiber of the soul like a paralysis on all industry, and is a prime cause of the way of life which would labor for the good of this community. It is much the same whether all are connected; for I have seen far fewer instances in which anything but poverty prevented any one from continuing the relation of master. There are many slaves in the families of those connected with us; and when we have heard of them, that I have heard of, can read the Bible; and there are not half a dozen of them that make any pretensions to piety. They are almost never called in to be present at family worship; but

while the white family are baying before God in the parlor, the slave is preparing the morning meal in the kitchen. I have not had but a moment to think, when I have my thoughts turned to that dark kitchen where the slave must remain. To him no Bible is open; for him no prayer is heard; and I know of no way in which they are instructed. I do not know of a single master or mistress that ever teaches them any systematic religious truth. And, indeed, it is not in their power to do so. It is in man's hand, that portends their emancipation.

Another missionary writes:—

Slavery presents not a few obstacles to the success of the preaching of the gospel. In this matter I am more unfortunate than either of my predecessors; for I have no means of sink within me, in the way of personal influence, when they are instructed. I do not know of a single master or mistress that ever teaches them any systematic religious truth. And, indeed, it is not in their power to do so. It is in man's hand, that portends their emancipation.

The following letter was written by a gentleman of ability and talents, who has had unusual opportunities of observation in the State of Connecticut. We may add that he is a citizen of Massachusetts.

Connecticut Correspondence.

MANCHESTER, CT., May 4, 1847.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following thoughts on the recent election in this State, are not prepared or arranged for any political purpose; but regarding you as a *Reader* of important events, and as one who would keep the public mind well informed on transactions having a moral and religious bearing, they are forwarded for the reflection of your readers. And inasmuch as this is the day when, according to the programme published in the papers, the governor elect is to be received with accustomed honors at Hartford, one of the capitals of the State, preparatory to election day, we have despatched of easy access to prominent persons; and have written to the *Reader* of the *Philanthropist* in Connecticut, I can sympathize with such men now more fully than before I came here.

Still another adds:—

One more deplorable fact may be mentioned, and that is, that the slaves, called from among us to the service of their country, have been informed by their masters, of the great hardness of their lot, and the misery with which they are treated. Of the general influence of slavery, you have no need to be told. The *Reader* of the *Philanthropist* in Connecticut, I can sympathize with such men now more fully than before I came here.

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Poetry.

THE SUMMUM BONUM.
For the Boston Recorder.
BY J. T. HOPPER.

I asked of great Philosophy,
What is man's highest good?
"To know all things," was her reply,
As swiftly, with eager eye,
On a dawning height she stood.

I begged Admission then to tell—
An answering look he gave,
His brows in frown; his features pale,
His silver hair, his locks cardinal—fall
into Oblivion's wave.

Then smiling Genius, I besought—
The secret to reveal—
His eye, its lightning-vision caught
Then turned within, and troubled thought
Her voice could not command.

Instant to Luxury I turned—
She sang my eyren song;
A couplet true I once discerned,
Whom pleased pleasure only bared,
Till Lads sets the strong.

Then Manumission I asked—
In answer to his friend's remark,
His master's mind was vastly touched;
His friend had gilded care;

Alas! despondingly I cried—
Is hence a worthless thing?
An aptly-fused, desir'd
O'er darkened life's tumultuous tide,
Perpetual misery's spring?

But truth, descending soon, to show
The wondrous power of love,
Replied—such wealth with freedom—
Then, smiling, I saw him below,
And Paradise above.

Lowell, April, 1847.

CRUSA.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURRY.
"Father, there are no dew-drops on my rose.
I name to see them, but they are gone.
Was night so bright? or did morning steal
These diamonds, are they time?"
The patient, boy,
Saw, the soft falling of a summer rose,
Dew-drops music from the quivering leaves,
And their the hollows of the freshen'd grass
Dew-drops of silver.

Taste's Cabinet.

Miscellaneous.

An Affecting Tale of Truth.
A WARNING VOICE.

BY MRS. EDITH M. CHILDS.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had given her heart to a young man, who had "lips like wet coal." Of course she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptibility age, when a poor girl is easily won over, when the soft heart is to be perverted by that restless principle, which impels poor human nature to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a real descendant from the royal line, and was a strikingly handsome man of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chocolates, and invitations to walk or ride, all of which were reluctantly accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; with a hand full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, he told all his flattery, professions, and considerations to his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to speak in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Alas! she could not take it, without being seen; and, in her secret, when he had earned enough, enough!

Only a few days after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsome dressed young man, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said "you once helped me, when in great distress; for any goodman?" ("How much?" "With him?" "With one hundred dollars," "eight hundred?" "one thousand?" were soon bid by different purchasers. The last was made by the friends of the merchant, as they wished to assist him to retain her. At first no one seemed disposed to raise the bid. The criter then read from a paper in his hand, "She is intelligent, well-informed, easy to communicate, a first rate instructor." "Who raises the bid?" That had been effected. "Twelve hundred dollars," "four hundred?" "six hundred?" followed. He again said—"She is a devoted Christian, sustains the best of morals, and is perfectly trusty." This raised the bids to two thousand dollars, as she was which she struck off to the gentlemen in favor of whom was the prosecution. Here closed one of the darkest scenes in the book of time.

It was a southern auction—an auction at which the girl was sold, and her price was given in dollars, as she was sold to the highest bidder.

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